Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.
Desd. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, I'le come to thee straight.
Desd. Emillia, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit* Desd. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doest thou say *Iago*?
Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?
Oth. He did from first to last: — Why doest thou aske?
Iag. But for a satisfaction of my thoughts.
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?
Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very often.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? Indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?
Iag. Honest my Lord? *Oth.* Honest? I honest.
Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doest thou thinke?
Iag. Thinke my Lord?
Oth. Thinke my Lord? By heauen he ecchoes me.
As if there were some monster in his thought:
Too hideous to be shewne: thou didst meane something;
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,

When

When *Cassio* left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,
In my whole course of wooing, thou cridst indeed?
And didst contract, and pusse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible counsell: if thou doest loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My Lord, you know I loue you.
Oth. I thinke thou doest,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words, before thou giue em breath,
Therefore these stops of thine affright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall knaue,
Are trickes of custome; but in a man that's iust,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare presume, I thinke that he is honest,
Oth. I thinke so to.
Iag. Men should be that they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.
Iag. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.
Oth. Nay yet there's more in this,
I prethee speake tome to thy thinkings:
As thou doest ruminate, and giue the worst of thought,
The worst of word.
Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaues are free to,
Vtter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false:
As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some vncleanely apprehensions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in Session sit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou doest conspire against thy friend *Iago*,